The accident which brought me to her eie,
Vpon the moment did her force ſubdewe,
And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter flie:
Religious loue put out religions eye:
Not to be tempted would ſhe be enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,
The broken boſoms that to me belong,
Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well:
And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:
I ſtrong ore them and you ore me being ſtrong,
Muſt for your victorie vs all congeſt,
As compound loue to phiſick your cold breſt.

My parts had powre to charme a ſacred Sunne,
Who diſciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Beleeu'd her eies, when they t' aſſaile begun,
All vowes and conſecrations giuing place:
O moſt potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor ſpace
In thee hath neither ſting, knot, nor confine
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impreſſeſt what are precepts worth
Of ſtale example? when thou wilt inflame,
How coldly thoſe impediments ſtand forth
Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame,
Loues armes are peace, gainſt rule, gainſt ſence, gainſt ſhame
And ſweetens in the ſuffring pangues it beares,
The *Alloes* of all forces, ſhockes and feares.

Now all theſe hearts that doe on mine depend,
Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,
And ſupplicant their ſighes to you extend
To leaue the battrie that you make gainſt mine,
Lending ſoft audience, to my ſweet deſigne,

And credent ſoule, to that ſtrong bonded oth,
That ſhall preferre and vndertake my troth.

This ſaid, his watrie eies he did diſmount,
Whoſe ſightes till then were leaueld on my face,
Each cheeke a riuer running from a fount,
With bryniſh currant downe-ward flowed a pace:
Oh how the channell to the ſtreame gaue grace!
Who glaz'd with Chriſtail gate the glowing Roſes,
That flame through water which their hew incloſes,

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the ſmall orb of one perticular teare?
Put with the invndation of the eies:
What rocky heart to water will not weare?
What breſt ſo cold that is not warmed heare,
Or cleft effect, cold modeſty hot wrath:
Both fire from hence, and chill extincture hath.

For loe his paſſion but an art of craft,
Euen there reſolu'd my reaſon into teares,
There my white ſtole of chaſtity I daft,
Shooke off my ſober gardes, and ciuill feares,
Appeare to him as he to me appeares:
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore,
His poiſon'd me, and mine did him reſtore.

In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
Applied to Cautills, all ſtraing formes receiues,
Of burning bluſhes, or of weeping water,
Or ſounding paleneſſe: and he takes and leaues,
In eithers aptneſſe as it beſt deceiues:
To bluſh at ſpeeches ranck, to weepe at woes
Or to turne white and ſound at tragick ſhowes.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,